

Platoon Old School Ghetts

Ghetts

Yeah

Man are saying Ghetts is doing the same ting
Like he's better than he was back in the day
He ain't got the skippidy-skeng-a-leng
No, no, no, no gang-a-lang-a-lang
What you saying to me, fam-a-lam-a-lang, sta-dang-dang-dang?
He ain't got it [?]
People like this
You can't do it again, you can't do it again, you can't do it again
I swear down

I heard him say "Ghetts can't do it anymore"
"His old material will never die"
So how's he better than before?
I heard a man say "Ghetts can't do it anymore"
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My mind works, like my nine works
When I burst, eyes first
Arms next, thighs third
And you won't find me where police might search
I divert, next right turn
And if I get caught, I ain't coming out hench
Nah, famalam, I am not like Mercs
And that's not a send, that's my friend
My curse was really good, I'm really hood
They talk the talk, I walk the walk
If only you lot could see these books
Ghetto's old school like a Eastleigh crook
Spill, shh shh, stab, kill!
There's 'nough man that don't believe G would
But I'm living on the edge, no windowsill
And none of you niggas wanna see me pushed

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Fuck your badboy image
Tryna claim shit you never done
But we know real badboys did it
If you think you're heavy, then I'm 11 tonne
But I'm at that stage of my life
I've been tryna get away from the hype
But it's dangerous times, it's safer inside
Backstabbers wanna come and stick a blade in my spine

Just cause I'm the skinny sort, they think they can fuck with me
Rudeboy, that's a silly thought, more than difficult, please don't fuck with
G
I'm stressed out, just lost one of my niggas to a bullet (RIP Wallace)
I'm paranoid to the fullest so even if you're looking, it might make me pull
it

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Them niggas ain't done no drive-by shootings
Watch when I buy my new ting
I'll be like dare roll deep in a ringer, fuck it
Windows all the way down when I buss it
Faith like Evans, I'm a survivor
Aim my weapon, eye of the tiger
Try and free my venom, I was ever inside ya
If they like lemon, I'm a supplier
What? What? What? What's happening?
Different food, same packaging
And I still got niggas from yards
Through Stratford, Ilford, Barking and Dagenham
Have to run up battering anybody when battling
Black stallion, a man'll come through galloping
Yeah, you're all panicking
The old school Ghetto is back again